UWHARRIE DREAMS

Our Mission

The mission of *Uwharrie Dreams*, as of any other fine arts publication, is to capture the here and now of the artist and offer it to the here and now of the reader.

Awareness is the outcome.

vade nobiscum

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Part I. Who Am I?

The Furnace

by Teresa B. Davis

A young man's dreams
dwell in clouds, raindrops and the morning dew.

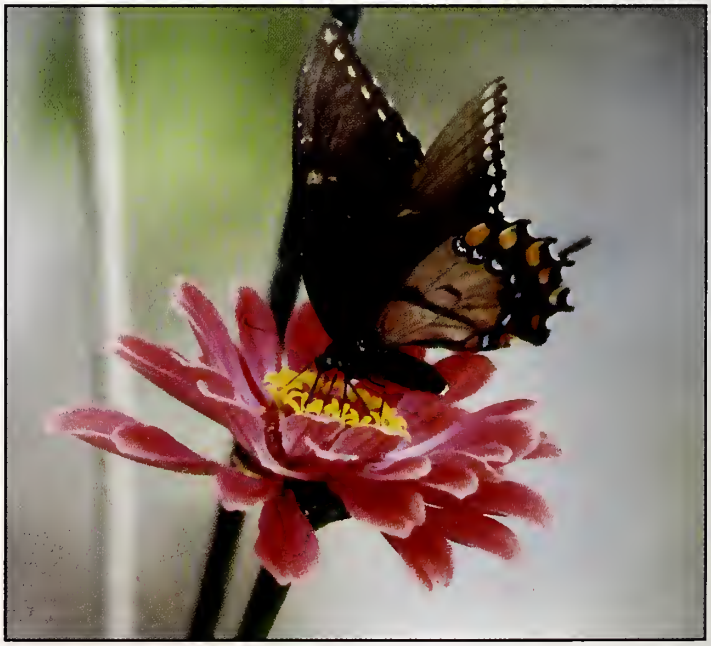
An old man's dreams
dwell in the tears of fading memories.

A man in his prime,
His dreams dwell in the smith's furnace,
Cool and congeal on the anvil,
And take shape with every crushing blow.

Butterfly Wings

by Julie Owens

Butterfly wings fluttering among flowers
Dreams of youth's fulfillment.



Alighting by DebraWaff

A Whispering of Trees

by Carey Elizabeth Smith

Winter descends.
Flat grey sky carved with boughs of trees,
distinct, clear, uncovered.
So bold to be revealed, naked and
still rooted in the earth.
Birds light on branches, roost, take flight;
Animals burrow in bark and roots and
reptiles coil among rocks.

Would I dare stand before you
in my winter season, my small animal self curled
deep in my belly? Flightless, I follow the slower
Rhythm of cave, the gradual sifting of sand
Through stone, the dim illumination of my mind.

Dormant, hibernating, winter blind, unadorned-
I rest now, holding the only ember of life
dear to my heart, alseep in the winter silence.
If you look closely, gently, you will see me
without my waking.
I dream of a whispering of trees.

December 2001

Stillness by Stacey Haines

Insight by Karen Luther

Song of Myself

by Karen Luther

Melting my somberness are the soft summer sunbeams, delightful with their dances of glee.

Soft ocean breezes merge my feelings in a mist of showering newness.

I become cool and pure from a flurry of snow.

The birthing of nature vivifies my innermost spirit.

Solitude of quiet darkness battles my fears.

Cascades of gleaming leaves shine as broken pieces of stained glass reflecting my tranquility.

Fire sets ablaze a passion of furious thoughts within me.

Silence stops chaos.

Purples, fuchsias, and oranges of sunsets ignite a color-catching chase,

a storm mingling with furious artistic revelations.

I am all seasons, passionate with life, swirling and kindling through sensations of experience.

Self Portrait by Leigh Miller

Fighting Back Tears

by Stella Oh

Fighting back tears, I play the piano.
Beethoven's 'Pathetique,' like an hourglass,
makes me feel time is running out;
like slipping grains of sand through an
opening that is never wide enough.

Fleeing from sadness, I play the piano.
Fingers, like weapons of destruction,
move like snuffing out a cigarette butt.
Sometimes I want to pour,
sometimes I want to burn.

i never listened

by Mari Holt

i never listened in chemistry

biology
physiology or (physicology)

and math was always a bore
all those
numbers
equations
this and that structures
right and wrong answers
so very exact yet
so very useless
to a severely unstructured mind

Perhaps thats why i could never get along…
why things flutter around up there
in my brain
in the massive grey area
most would associate with literature or the arts
those subjects of broadness
no definancy
no set right or no yes or wrong

(you can even make up your own words)
always my strong suit

history confused my lineage
so interesting but so many again the facts!
dates and remembrances
names I shouldnt forget
fuddling around up there
in the openess reserved for
something else mais oui!
i was always damn good at foreign
speaking languages
thicking on that accent becoming la belle dame
so sexy mysterious
a true fake parisian
sitting in a cafe-classroom (very small)
in the south

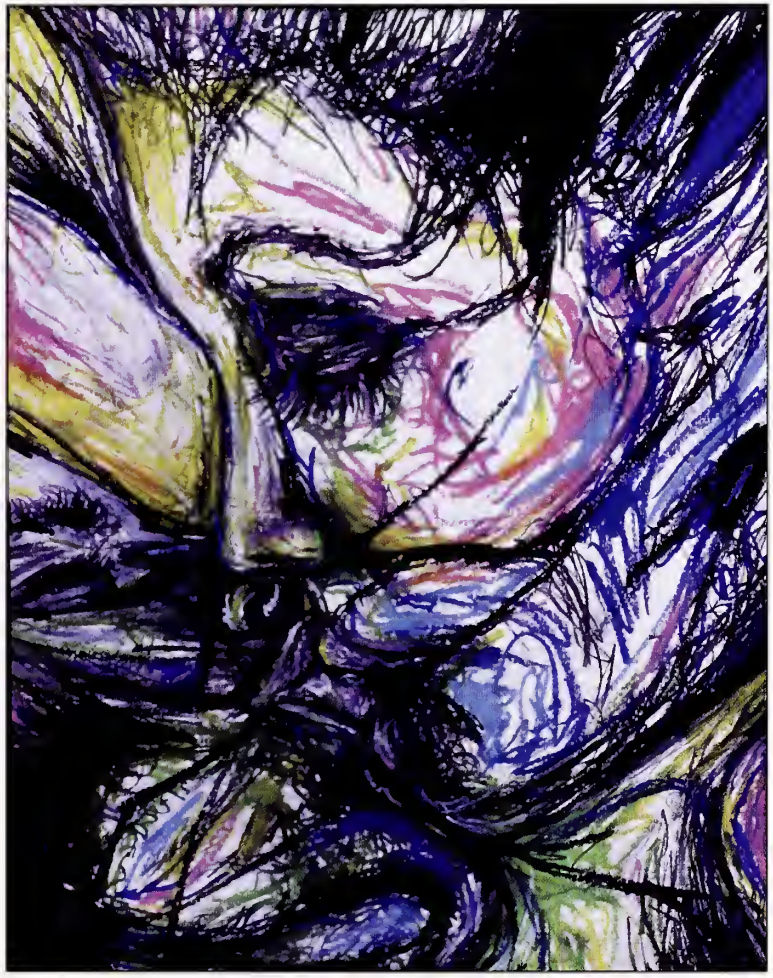
of america of course
but it didn't always have to be
like it did in
economics
geology
trig and trying physics
microbiology and macro too
rules and calculators and
setways of figuring it out
and all those ologies ologies ologies

--perhaps they shoulda had poemology
so I could figure it out in my head

rhapsody

by Rebekah Bunting

come, sing to me with just one look
and let your voice play me like a cello
while I hear words I don't understand,
their pitches hovering and rising
and bursting like soap bubbles
that rain droplets of music on my head



Music by Karen Luther

My Ex-Wife
by Chad Testerman

My regards to Mr. Browning who wouldn't be surprised to know his duke's alive and well in Asheboro

Here is my ex-wife pictured on the wall
Smiling as if nothing is wrong - I made
The print myself - uploaded, clicked on save
And there she is. Great photo. Take a look.
It isn't everyone I show this to,
But since it's you, I'll tell you why we split.
By her soft skin, dark eyes, her luscious lips
You see that she was easy on the eyes.
The problem was how easy she could be.
She had for me a burning lust for love,
Was always ready with a gentle kiss,
But she would look the same for anyone.
She'd tell me sweet expressions like, "You are
The man of my dreams," or "I would never
Want another man but you." Yeah, right. Men
Weren't her problem. She loved candlelight and
Strolls upon a moonlit beach, how rainbows
Appeared when sunbeams caught the rain just right.
But what is wrong with turning on a light?
Sand gets between my toes and salt air dries
My skin. She had - how should I phrase this - too
Great a zest for pleasing. At first I thought
She talked a lot when she went out to lunch
With girlfriends. Linking arms with my sister
On the beach, she would dance and giggle, blush
At stupid jokes, then glance towards me - and laugh!
I am no fool. Who does she think I am!
You know I won't have talk behind my back.
I'm CEO. I own the company!
I'd never strike a lady, even though
She doesn't act like one. That's not how I
Was brought up, although she had it coming.
She said I simply had misunderstood.
She said our marriage would survive. My mind,
Made up, will never change. And so I did
The paperwork, signed it, and it was done.
Kind of funny, though, these antiques she chose
Appreciated quite a bit! So - let's
Dine in tonight. I love your Beef Bernaise.
Just bring it in the study when you're done -
I want to check the DOW. It's wonderful
How well the dollar holds against the yen.

(2002)

Hubris by Tim Conner

The Greatest Of Men

by Tucker Whitfield Clark

The greatest of men
Are seldom known
By those not closest to them.
The greatest of men
Are seldom shown
To boast of what they have been.
The greatest of men
Have accomplished much
In a world of pain and sorrow.
The greatest of men
Have attained things such
As I only hope to borrow.
The greatest of men
Shall forever live
In heart and soul and mind,
For these greatest of men
Have never been lost.
It's my way I need to find.

Hero by Greg Stewart

September 11, 2001

Nine/Eleven

by John Laton

Wesuffertodaywewillsuffertomorrow
We seek balm to ease our collective pain
We search outside inside ourselves for
Relief
From
Pain and
Sorrow

Wesearchinvainuntilwecanlearn
Lessons of those who came before us
They had much the same grief and pain
Remembering
Twelve
Seven

The one great balm that could ease their pain
And ours is to let time work her magic
To soothe our wounds and ease our hearts
To Live
And Love
Again

September 12, 2001

by Dorothy A. Snyder

Fresh from sleep, I feel again
the rush of fear that followed
falling towers
And senseless death.

Uncertain of impending horrors,
my mind rejects the enormity
of Tuesday's losses.
I struggle to bear the grief and
pain.

Then

Sunrise fingerpaints the east
In soft hues of pink and gold.
Darkness flees triumphant light.
A lone bird blesses dawn.

And

I am comforted.

The Pentagon by Jean-Paul Bergeron

December 11, 2001

by Dorothy A. Snyder

I see the date on the morning paper.
I remember there are 14 shopping days
until Christmas and mentally review
my list of things to do today.
I check the headlines, the obituaries,
the weather as I enjoy my coffee.

Suddenly I am stabbed awake
and feel afresh the three-months' pain.
Appalled,
I ponder how quickly
a past unthinkable act
becomes a present fact.

American Samurai

by Homer Cantrell

Every day was important to Mark Harman. Tall, quiet, methodical, he walked with the rhythm of a metronome. His coworkers in the Fuji Bank called him Cruncher, which did not quite achieve the recognition he sought, but he figured it was a start. He was a new accountant in the New York office, and the commanding view from the suite on the 82nd floor of the South Tower impressed him every morning he entered. He was always the first one at work, sometimes because he had spent the night. It was the most illustrious office building in the world, but most important to him was his boss. Mark could make two of him in size, but it was this man's presence. Here was the man Mark wanted to measure up to.

On the day the world went mad, Mark and his boss were, as usual, the first at work, Mark at his desk visible to half the staff, and the boss behind closed doors. At 8:45 he heard this terrible explosion coming from the North Tower. The first thought that came to his mind was, Oh my God, we've been bombed yet again. He couldn't recall the exact number of bomb threats that had been made against them. But surely, he thought, that had to be what happened. Someone had managed to screw things up and allowed a terrorist to get a bomb inside the building. He didn't know nor could he have imagined that a large passenger jetliner had intentionally been flown into the North Tower.

In the confusion after the explosion, he heard the loudspeaker announce that anyone who wanted to leave should do so. Mark's eyes riveted on his boss's door. To his satisfaction it did not burst open, but after a time the senior officer of New York's Fuji offices walked through the suite, inviting anyone who wished to leave to do so. Mark considered going home but then decided that now was an excellent opportunity to continue work. Following his boss with his eyes, he knew why he revered this man, always in command, not only with his mind but with his being. Mark had never known his own father, a casualty late in the war in Vietnam. Through office hearsay he'd heard his boss had lost his father in World War II. As people left the building, he had an irrational urge to speak to him. But Mark was never irrational.

So it was that while many people were clearing out of the building, he was at his desk, attacking the pile of folders lying in front of him. Judging by the worried conversations going on in the background, he wasn't the only one who decided to stay. Mark kept an eye out for the boss, wondering what he would think of his decision to stay. As far back as he could remember he always enjoyed watching movies set in feudal Japan. And now that he was actually working with the Japanese he had begun to fancy himself to be something of an office samurai, performing his duty with honor and integrity. However, as he attempted to get work done, his thoughts turned to the people in the North Tower.

He began to think about all the people he had met since coming to work here this past

summer, hoping that none of them was seriously injured. Fearing the worst, he attempted to call some of the offices in the other tower but nobody answered. They must have been evacuated after the explosion, he told himself. The alternative was too horrible even to contemplate. Even so, sitting at his desk, he found himself unable to concentrate for the worry that he felt. Not wanting to waste any more time, he began to gather his things, having made the choice to leave. At least, he thought, once he was outside he would be able to find out exactly what happened and who had been hurt. Making his way to the elevator, he noticed a clock on the wall. It was now 9:01.

He had just pushed the button and was waiting for the elevator to come up from the lobby when someone exclaimed, "Oh my God, look at that." Something about the way these words were spoken not only demanded his attention, but caused the fine hairs on his neck to stand on end. He walked over to see what the young lady, a new employee, was exclaiming about. What he saw took his breath away. Hanging in the sky was a huge passenger plane, and it seemed to be turning into the building. No, he thought, it is aiming straight at me. Then time slowed to a crawl. The engines' noise was loud, but there was a hollow space around his ears, a smooth calm space.

As he watched the plane-turned-juggernaut inching its way towards him, after the first stunning realization, Mark Harman felt calm.

Dawn's Early Light by Chris Fletcher

Running was senseless. No matter how fast he ran, even if he tried to run, he would not escape the impact and the explosion that would follow. He stood his ground even though he could hear some other people scrambling for the exits. Taking a deep breath, he wondered why this was happening.

As the plane completed its turn, he glimpsed the pilot. The thoughts rolled evenly, like numbers on his calculator. This is not the man supposed to be flying that plane. This is no accident. This is a deliberate attack against the United States of America. The fools. Don't they realize the quickest way to anger Americans is to attack them at home. He had the time in the quiet, hollowed-out space around his face to know what would happen to those responsible for this outrage and surprisingly felt sorry for them. He then thought about his family. His dad. Good people whom he loved, who loved him. He thought of his boss and turned to look for him.

Across the room stood his boss, small and far away. Then Mark saw him bow, almost imperceptibly. To him. As he saw the gentle smile on his boss's face, he signaled with his body the exact same bow, then turned back to face the window. Knowing they were together, the two men, no longer able to see the pilot, focused on the bulls-eye nose of the giant plane and smiled.

Part II. Who Are We?

Uwharrie Dreams

by Jim Pickeral

Growing up in a small tobacco farming community in the South, the last thing I thought I wanted was to be a farmer. I had dreams of travel, adventure and romance, and farming offered none of that, or so I thought at the time. So at age nineteen I left that community and joined the Navy to see the world, and much of it I have. I have no regrets about that decision, for it was the leaving that allowed me to step away from the land in order to get a better view, and a much deeper understanding of what is truly important and often miraculous in my life.

Some of my fondest memories are the visits I made to the various food markets around the world. The open-air markets of southern Europe with the many unique fruits and vegetables of unusual color and beauty, the bazaars of the near and mid-east where the aroma of spices and herbs permeates the air, and the orient where roast duck and fresh chicken hang in the window – such wonderful food, all from the land.

I think that was when I started dreaming a new dream – a dream of the land and my connection to it.

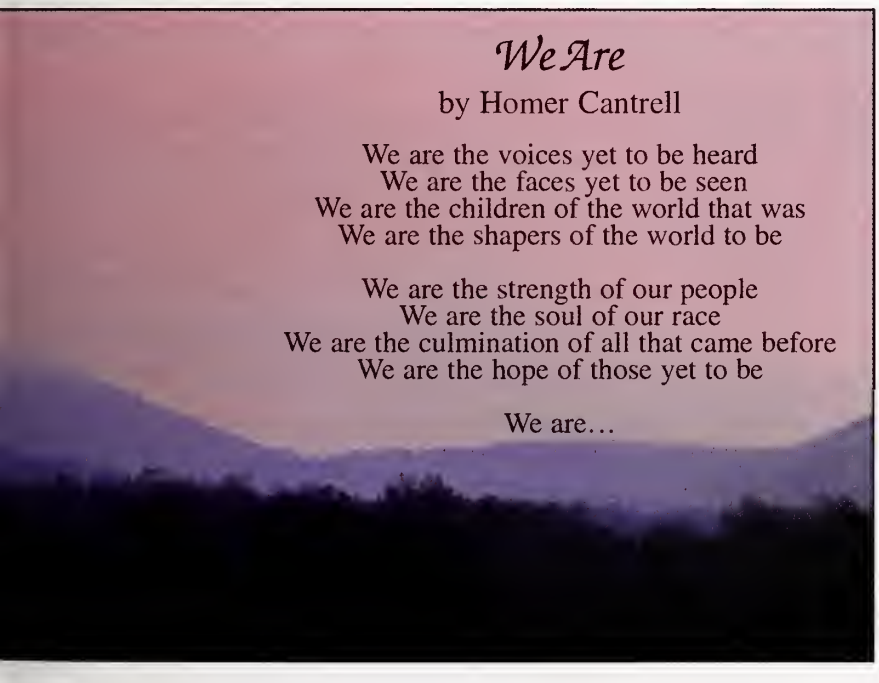
Time in port is short, while time at sea is not. It was those long days and nights that my new dream began to sustain me. It was then too that I began to remember the things about farming and the land that I had enjoyed as a child.

I loved to run in a field that had just been plowed and disked, the soft earth yielding to my bare

Ancient Dreams by Chuck Egerton

feet as I ran in ever tighter circles until gravity overcame me, and onto the warm ground I would fall. It felt like falling into the arms of a loving and gentle elder. And when I was old enough, and big enough, I

had the thrill of driving the tractor and plowing and disking the field myself. I loved it then and I still love it today. Another thing I remembered was the mint that grew around the well and the delicious and refreshing iced tea it made. Today that same mint grows in my garden.



The earth has always yielded to our desires and dreams and provided for all of our needs. Wood to build a house and have fire; stone to build a place for the fire; clay for the potter's wheel; food for the table; inspiration for the artist.

I dreamed of building a house much as my ancestors did, using the resources available from the land - trees and rock. I dreamed of growing rows of corn and hills of tomatoes, beans and squash. I dreamed of peaches, warm, juicy and sweet in the sunshine. I dreamed of gently rolling hills and meandering creeks. I dreamed of community and neighbors who look out for one another. I dreamed of home. When I joined the Navy I wanted only to be independent and free of community. Many years later my need for community is strong and deep. Community gives me definition and a sense of belonging. My communities are many – from my immediate family, to my neighbors, to township and fire district, to county, state and country, and now, just as important, the global community.

Where do I fit into the community? Who am I? What are my roles and responsibilities in each of my communities? Teacher, farmer, firefighter, artist, healer, good neighbor, concerned citizen, eternal student? Yes, all of these and more.

So, at last, as I sit on the porch and look out over the gently rolling hills I am left to ponder this: Who had the dream? Was it I, or were these hills calling me? Perhaps I am part of the Uwharrie Dreams.

Old Man Uwharrie

by Tim Allen

Our culture is fascinated with the majestic, the grand, whatever sparkles with potential and scintillation. "Rise to the peak of your potential," our social guides tell us as we wind our way around yet another achievement trail to "experience" once more something that will be reduced to a piece of gossipy one-upmanship at the next gathering of friends and foes. Gone is the quaintness of old shops and their extravagant if perhaps dusty wares. Nobody has the time or the inclination to pause long enough to get to know the tenants, to understand their craft and why they run from urbania. Unless, of course, you are on vacation or want to look like the successful folks in an ad for an SUV.

So I look toward the mountains for relief from the spiritual inconsistencies that permeate this world. My favorite is Humpback Rock off the Blue Ridge Parkway in Virginia. I can climb to its crest and look out on the world and bid all of my problems adieu. Last year, when my dog gave in to the cancer that had chased him for over a year, my wife and I found solace in Hanging Rock, west of Winston-Salem. Out on the slab of stone at the top of that particular portion of the world, I gave the life of my companion of ten years to the winds and left with a new resolve to carry on.

I was born in Charlottesville, Virginia. I camped and picnicked in the Blue Ridge. I kid people that one of my legs is longer than the other, the better to stand on the side of a mountain without leaning to one side. Years ago I backpacked on mountains near Brevard, North Carolina. I came as close to death as I care to one night when a friend and I shivered in below zero weather on top of Looking Glass Mountain. Put me on a mountain and I come alive. I am at home on a ridge at the top of the world.

But when someone suggests I walk the trail of the Uwharries, perhaps the oldest mountains in our land, I wonder what they hold for me. I've not climbed every mountain yet I appreciate the sound of music. When old people sing, their voices tremble with weakness and their pitch leaves my ears shaking with MTV, digital sound incredulity. Their dexterity is gone, thus the licks on scratched instruments are not as flamboyant as those of younger years. Sometimes even the passion, the conviction is missing as they simply go through the motions of long-gone songs, playing what might have been to the likes of those who think they know exactly what life is supposed to be.

Barely tall enough to be hills, the Uwharries disappoint the would-be modern mountaineer. Bent under the years of geologic osteoporosis, the Uwharries never add up to the likes of the young bucks around them: Mount Mitchell and Grandfather Mountain to the west in North Carolina, Mount Rogers to the north in Virginia. Even the Blue Ridge Mountains rise far above the meager heights of the Uwharries. For a generation trained, no, indoctrinated, to rise to the top, the Uwharries leave us with a long way to go.

Like an old man (or woman), the Uwharries sit in an old cane-bottom chair of back in my day with no energy or daring left to lean back on the walls of long ago, oblivious to what transpires around them. Don't they know that to get ahead in this world you must change with the ever-shifting winds? Don't they understand that to bring in the masses like the Smokey Mountains you must razzle and dazzle, add a little Dolly to the woods? If they want my full attention they must speak up, offer an incentive, guarantee me that they will be open should I have to come back for a refund. But at their age there are no guarantees at all. So who wants to deal with someone like that?

We don't forget that old folks are just that, old. No, it's the very fact that they are old that keeps us away. Not to say that they have nothing to give, only to point out that we don't have the inclination to receive what they offer. Why bother with such a stooped soul when Pike's Peak beckons out west? Why go next door when the Alps lure with visions of romance and intrigue? Who wants to bother with an old wrinkled codger when a svelte, muscled Mount Everest of a young person is so much more, well, appealing?

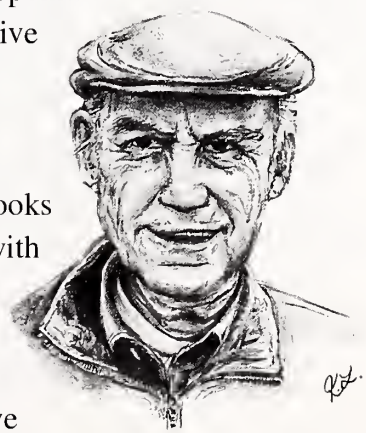
Old folks stoop with age, whisper with raspiness, glare with a glazed eye. They move slow, as if Death is holding them back. They don't understand modems, pixels and remotes. They look back while we still yearn for tomorrow. Sometimes they talk about dying, something we spend most of our life denying altogether. As if old age is a disease that is highly contagious, we stay away and instead head for the healthy life of malls, credit, fast food. I bet old man Uwharrie does not even wear his store-bought teeth.

So what are you telling me, Old Man Uwharrie? Why do you call me over to you? What on earth are you offering me that I can't get from a catalogue?

What kinds of songs did the winds of long ago sing as they wore you down? What scenes did you see that no longer exist, taken away by the whims of nature, divine fiat, or just the slow roll of cosmic films that have recorded your life in pictures I cannot fathom? Did the rains and snows and heat and drought drain your bones of the strengths that only young mountains exhibit today? How many full moons haunted your nights, leading to tales of ghosts and spooks and other psychological abstractions? And as your cold, bony hand reaches out to mine, why does it shake so, like stones falling from the footpath I just traversed to get here?

And why am I suddenly asking you these questions? Why do I want to get to know you, even if my feeble attempts to do so are hesitant.

I admit that I am afraid of Old Man Uwharrie. Afraid that he will disappoint. Afraid that he will not live up to my expectations. "But what about my expectations?" he asks more with a stare that looks right through me than with any words I can hear.

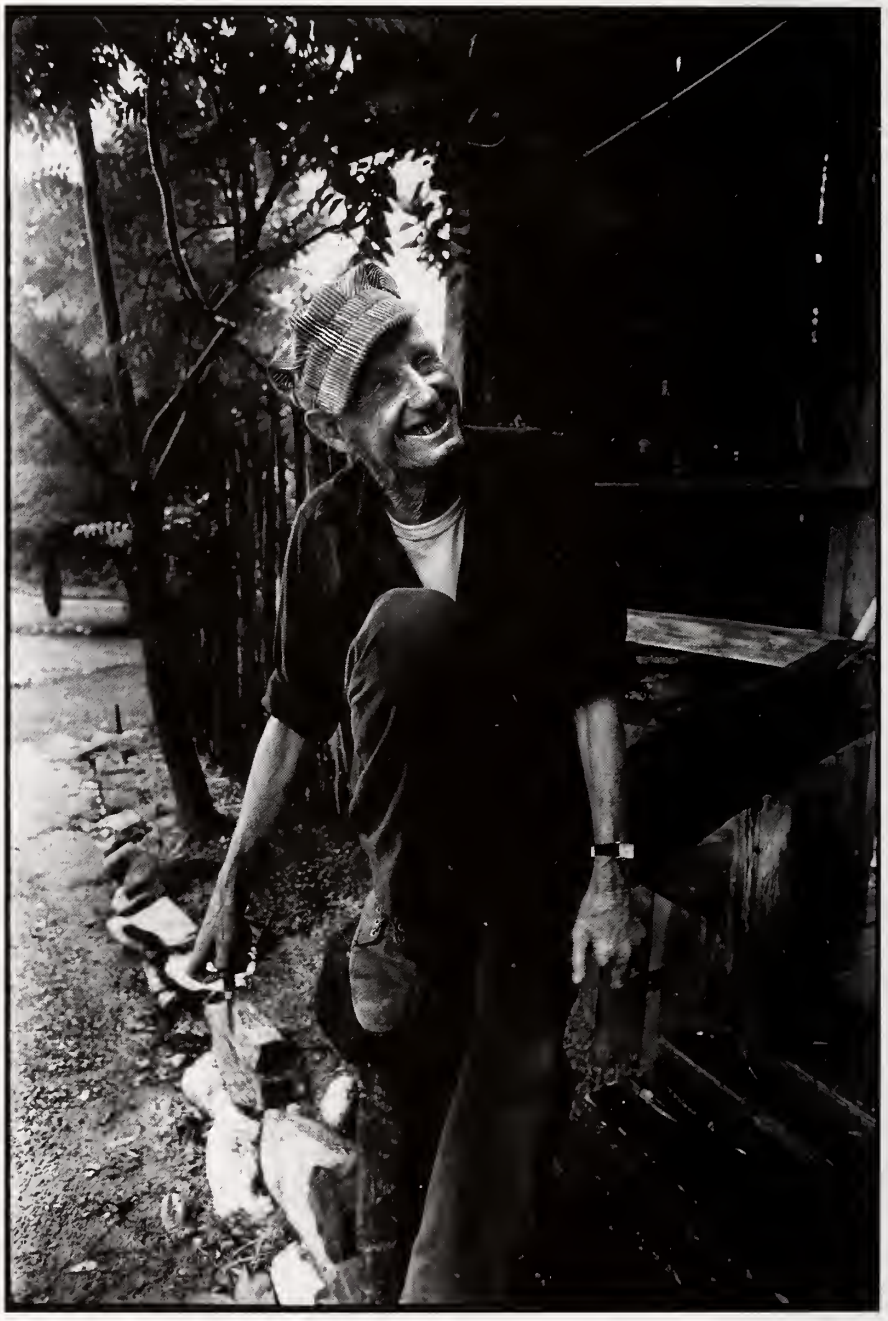


Doesn't he deserve a visit now and then? Doesn't he deserve

acknowledgment that he too, like the other young, spry mountains around him, is still alive? Maybe he will come alive when I come by. And I can't hear the songs he sings and see the tears he sheds unless I actually take the time to drop by. And maybe the biscuits he offers are made with lard, but isn't it worth the risk to stomach such fare in order to relive what was once so special to him? He has been around so long that he does not have a story to tell; he has an epic to recall, and it might take coffee cooling off in a saucer with a fried pie on the side to wash down the salted pork meat and the bitter tang of greens that bring a smile and a memory to those lips that often mumble between thoughts.

And the only way I will ever know the answers to these questions is to get the courage to walk a trail that is not so steep in degrees yet is the most challenging I will ever attempt. And when (not if!) I reach the crest I will have to pause and acclimate myself to those new visions and recollections that will come as I listen to the stories Old Man Uwharrie tells. And somewhere on that old dirty porch, with each creaking of the floor slats, I will get a little closer to the past.

One day the mountains I have climbed will not seem as tall as they once were and I will recall that day when I learned it is not the heights that I reach but the trails I walk that bring me the joys of life.



Lester Singleton by Greg Stewart

A true man of the Uwharries, Lester Singleton has spent his life in Black Ankle, NC.

Gaea
by Rebekah Bunting

I stand on tall peaks
While the earth tickles my toes.
The sweet breath of memory fills my senses
And the melody of eternity pours from my
Lips like water,
Echoing in the valley of dreams below.
My smile brings forth the sun,
From my sighs come the winds,
From my tears the waters.
I stand here, laughing.
My rhythm reverberating in the soul
Of every being.
I laugh, and l--f
a
l
l
Twistingturningwrithingchurningscreaming
To the core of the earth,
The flame caressing my body,
Magma pumping through my veins.
The fire calls to me, seduces my senses,
Draws me forth until I am one with the hot,
Sensuous liquid,
Coursing through the channels and vessels
Of Being.
I laugh again, the sound rippling through
The very soul of the earth
And up through every fiber of creation,
Where it echoes through the wrinkles of time:
I am the earth mother.

A Vision of Nature by Jamie Corder

Almost Forgotten by Annette Barr

Cedar Falls

by Rebecca Fleming

Far out in the country,
In a tree-lined clearing
sits a tiny white church, called Cedar Falls.
The church is, oh so old.
Almost forgotten, left
to age gracefully, in perfect peace.
Far from the road, few see
this wonderful jewel of long ago.
I stand awed in the shadow
of days gone by.
Behind the church, and sheltered by trees,
lies an old graveyard resting undisturbed.
Visitors are seldom seen at Cedar Falls
except for the animals
living on the grounds.
I love this little place more than words can tell.
Far out in the country,
In a tree-lined clearing
sits a tiny white church, called Cedar Falls.

Culture Shock

by Todd Campbell

"We" in Randolph County are not who "we" used to be. That's according to Veronica Reyes, who knows from personal experience. Veronica is Mexican-American. Instead of "prejudice" to describe her first weeks in the South, she uses "stereotype." When people saw she was "foreign" she quickly learned that some assumed she was also "poor, pregnant, and working in the fields." Culture shock worked both ways.

Veronica Reyes, 21, and Maria Reyes, 19, laugh as they remember being called Yankees when they first moved to Asheboro four years ago. "Where are all the sidewalks?" Veronica recalls asking. The sisters had grown up splitting their time between Chicago and Mexico and found North Carolina to be very different from both places. "We had culture shock," they said.

The Mexican-American sisters came here with their family to open a Hispanic market. Their parents, Armando and Natalia Reyes, had heard from a relative living in Burlington, NC that this was a good area. It proved to be a smart business decision. Los Reyes is a bustling grocery store. If you need to wire money, buy fresh meat, vegetables, spices, choose a colorful piñata from the huge selection hanging from the ceiling, catch up on news, make a phone call, or eat excellent authentic Mexican food at the attached restaurant Don Julio (named after Mr. Reyes' grandfather), then this is the place for you. But Los Reyes is actually much more than this.

"We are always at court or the hospital or if not there then the insurance company," said Maria. The sisters help people with their problems in any way that they can. Often this means translating language and culture for Hispanics new to the area. "Right now we are trying to help a guy who comes in the store get on a list for an organ transplant," stated Veronica.

The sisters attend Randolph Community College and hope to follow their older brothers, Armando, 27, and Alex, 25, to college at a four-year school. Veronica plans to study literature and psychology and Maria anthropology. Although their brothers live in New York and Chicago, the sisters have applied to several North Carolina schools as well as a couple in Chicago.

The Reyes sisters are an important resource for the Hispanic population here, but also are connected to the larger population and act as a bridge between the two.

"I've learned the South can be cool. I realized my own assumptions about it were not true," said Veronica.

Maria and Veronica Reyes by Todd Campbell

Part III. Where Are We Going?

Wasteland

by Mari Holt

Remembering by Micah Intrator

Sometimes I forget that people are dying

Sometimes it just doesn't make any sense
to know that tomorrow I'll get up
get high get low get philosophical
when the next day I could always just
get up and die
with no warning - no reason
no explanations justification -- just the same denial by everyone

just me lying in a hole
somewhere near Auschwitz on a cold winter 1943 night
my head high on a spike in some sultry forest of unpronounceable name
smiling at all the tourists come to pass -making new companions
perhaps my mistaken body swingin round
on a big oak tree in the old deep south
crosses and coneheads blazing for me

death is just the same any way you give it
whether you see the person suffer or not
whether your hand can be blamed or not
executions cannot be passive

Someone somewhere had to push the button
pull the switch turn the lever cut the cord
open the floodgates or open up fire
just as brutally honestly undeniably as
someone had to be in the way
when the reality came raining down

We Could

by Teresa B. Davis

The events in New York did touch me. I was touched with compassion, grief, and anger. However, the war effort does not touch me as deeply. Please do not confuse conviction with feeling. I am convinced that we are doing the right thing. However, when I try to express myself in poetry, I find myself at an emotional impasse. Perhaps in order to do what we need to do, we have to ignore how we feel.

In wars past, we have heard cries of, "plant wheat, buy war bonds, and conserve sugar." President Bush's cry to "go shopping or go on vacation" seems irreverent in the face of war and death.

I have been trying to express how 9/11 has changed me. I have asked my co-workers, my children and my classmates, how has 9/11 changed you or your life? They have all had a similar response: my life has not been changed.

Everyone hates the fact that it happened. Many think we should fight the war on terrorism. The towers coming down shocked everyone. Other than this, no one I talked to truly feels changed by those events. They do not feel connected to any of these events or to the people who died.

I think this is the tragedy in America today: faced with horrific events few feel changed. Perhaps we have become the land of the emotionally untouched?

I am sure in history there must have been times when this country needed a wake-up call to return to the values that made it great. I am sure that someone would go to the city square and cry out to the masses to raise public awareness. I am sure that writers, ministers, playwrights, artists and even songwriters would call on people to remember what is right and important. They would tell us what to do and how to feel.

I could do something great like that. I just don't feel like it.

Butterfly Wings 2

by Julie Owens

My wings were cut, bruised, singed from fallen towers
Fighting defeat, I rise.

Butterfly wings extended in morning sun
Dreaming of Earth, we soar.

rise and shine

by Mari Holt

what will we gain by what we have lost? what are we going to lose? if we are constantly being awakened and never truly open our eyes? what would we find in what we have thrown away? would Earth weep at our parting or erupt with rejoicing? or would the universe even notice… in times long dissolved our planet was in harmony with itself our parents careful of not asking too much greed wasn't a part of the habit humanity soon got itself hooked on destined to Fall our hindsight carefully scrambled by illusions we thought were treasures objects we shoved and strove for oblivious to true wealth we could have just plucked from the air but we began ripping soil creating machines to do the dirty work constructing speed ships to push fast forward conjuring networks to tether together and then complaining we are all too close how much we have crushed with such tiny footsteps

but we just got pushy went for more than our share we thought we held the cards look out you scoundrel Ace Nature's got a trick up her sleeve and if we continue cheating we're gonna get burned what does it matter if we're dark slight slanted light crosseyed if we all come from one belonging to one Earth? This has to be IS the time we look up and say i see it all now i been feeling too proud we been thinking in terms of survival of a species that doesn't always deserve to rise and shine O america there are bullets buzzing where bees should fly riptides whirling where it was dry now throw our minds to saving our trees or our bison or crocodiles tortoises pandas so many things leaving this land shouldn't we wake up before the next one is man?

wake up reflect on the glory of a fruit tree in midspring splendor outlined by clear night skies how wonderful to hear clocks click and know they won't detonate and with the tock ticks own the sensation of being alive to wake up each morning and still sleepy roll over and dream to ourselves how nice to be breathing and not smell bodies or forests burning or taste battery acid or blood in our well water thank god allah buddha or jah that we don't feel the calling of suicide terror rise and shine

hurry while we see the virtue of being not just being bigger rise and shine stand up don't be afraid or we wont have gained by what we have lost and there's more we're going to lose you and I can stop the mushrooms from growing in the sky how long can our silence go on before silence is all we have? hurry don't go back to sleep from this awakening rise and shine

we must act and mean it or the karma will rise if we're lucky it wont be instantly it might just stretch on for ages or it might be quick who would have thought those icons of our civilization would crumble down so hard so fast so far into the ground of our being? so rise and shine americans what we got to lose we may already have lost with open eyes rise and shine and welcome what's next with arms outstretched waving as many peace signs as our fingers can hold with our opposable thumbs up

Tending the Garden

by Jim Pickeral

According to the creation story in the Book of Genesis, God spent five days preparing a home for man, and on the sixth day created man, and placed him and her in the Garden.

There must have been some underlying purpose in each act of creation; clean air, pure water, just the right amount of axial tilt for seasonal variation, and an atmosphere designed to protect those dwelling on the surface. All things necessary to sustain life were given.

I can imagine the Creator standing back and admiring such handiwork and saying, "It is good, it is very good." I wonder what goes through the great mind of the Creator about the way we have treated the home prepared for us. I wonder if global warming, polluted air, and contaminated soil and water cause God sadness.

In my orchard the effects of climate change become more apparent with each passing season. Today, in the middle of March, the plum, peach, and pear trees are in full bloom. The buds on the apple trees are swollen and ready to burst into flower. A beautiful sight indeed, but it is much too early in the year for these trees to be in bloom. Almost certainly there will be days ahead with freezing temperatures, and all fruit and blossoms may die, the same as last year.

Reclamation by Micah Intrator

The events of September 11 have given us pause, and we have begun to see each other in a new light. We have started asking ourselves soul-searching questions about what is truly important in our lives. We are beginning to realize that it is one another we need, not material things. We must not stop there. We must care for the air, the soil, the water, and all life on our planet with the same love and concern we have for each other. We must tend the garden and care for the Earth.

We have existed a relatively short time on this planet and our effects have been rather benign until about two hundred years ago when the Industrial Revolution began. Since that time we have created environmental hazards that could threaten our very existence by upsetting the delicate balance designed by the great Architect so long ago. Let us be mindful of the great gift we have been given and work to restore it to its pristine origins. Let us honor our Creator by honoring the created.

Spring Bride

by Jim Pickeral

Spring bride dressed in pink
Bids the messenger of love
Her fruits soon to bear.

It Takes a Universe

by Thomas Berry

The child awakens to
a universe. The mind
of the child to
a world of meaning.
imagination to a world
of beauty. Emotions
to a world of intimacy.

It takes a universe
to make a child both
in outer form and
inner spirit. It a takes
a universe to educate
a child. A universe
to fulfill a child.

Each generation presides
over the meeting of these
two in the succeeding
generation. Thus our nursery
rhymes. These early rhymes,
these early stories, are
the most profound, most lovely,
most delightful sources
of guidance and inspiration
the child will ever have.

"Star light, star bright…"
how memorable and inspiring,
instructive, these verses
of Robert Louis Stevenson
from the later years
of the last century.

So now we write our
own verses, bringing
the child and the universe
into their mutual fulfillment.

While the stars ring out in
The heavens. (1996)

Child of the Universe by Stacey Haines

Uwharrie Dreams co-editors thank Thomas Berry for permission to reprint his poem "It Takes A Universe." We thank the universe for educating Thomas Berry.

Co-editors

Julie Owens, Co-editor, is an Associate in Arts student at RCC with plans to attend Pfeiffer University with a major in communications and a minor in Spanish.

Tucker Clark, Co-editor, is an Associate in Arts student at RCC with plans to attend UNC-Asheville with a double major in philosophy and the classics.

Stella Oh, Co-editor, is an Associate in Arts student at RCC with plans to attend Guilford College and major in psychology. Her poem Fighting Back Tears won third place in the RCC Writer's Contest 2002.

Photo by Todd Campbell

Left to Right: Julie Owens, Tucker Clark, Stella Oh & Jim Pickeral

Jim Pickeral, Co-editor, is an Associate in Arts student at RCC who is a volunteer firefighter, organic farmer, and writer whose orchard provides inspiration and expression. His essay Uwharrie Dreams won first place in the RCC Writer's Contest 2002.

Greg Van Hoose, Layout & Design, is a 1999 graduate of Advertising & Graphic Design at RCC. He is employed as RCC's Graphic/Web Designer.

The co-editors thank **Misty Parker** who helped choose the name *Uwharrie Dreams.*

Contributors

Tim Allen is instructor of history and religion at RCC. He is currently writing a devotional book about mountain experiences.

Annette Barr is a journalist at the Greensboro *News and Record* who enjoys assignments in Randolph County.

Jean-Paul Bergeron is a second-year student in Photographic Technology at RCC with a concentration in Photojournalism.

Thomas Berry, priest and teacher, retired director of the graduate History of Religions program at Fordham Unversity, is an activist for the Earth. He spoke in 1999 on the Randolph Community College campus to warn that everyone must work together as "a communion of subjects" rather than as a "collection of objects" in the global crisis. Among his works are *Dream of the Earth*, *The Universe Story*, and *The Great Work.*

Rebekah Bunting was an Associate in Arts student at RCC during 1999-2000. She is currently pursuing a degree in zoology at North Carolina State University.

Todd Campbell is a second-year student in Photographic Technology at RCC with a concentration in Photojournalism.

Homer Cantrell is an Associate in Arts student at RCC. His story American Samurai won first place in the RCC Writer's Contest 2002.

Gay Cheney is retired chair of the dance department at UNCG and expert on dance among Native Americans. She led a Circle Dance sponsored by *Uwharrie Dreams* on the Asheboro Campus of RCC on April 8, 2002.

Tim Conner is a first-year student in Photographic Technology at RCC.

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Teresa B. Davis is an Associate in Arts student at RCC.

Chuck Egerton is an instructor of Photographic Technology at RCC and coordinates the Commercial Photography concentration. He and Jim Pickeral had a great day hunting for beautiful views of the ancient Uwharries last fall (cover photo).

Rebecca Fleming is a high school junior in the dual enrollment program at RCC. Her poem Cedar Falls won second place in the RCC Writer's Contest 2002.

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John Laton has frequently taken courses at RCC using his veteran's benefits.

Karen Luther is an Associate in Arts student at RCC who plans to make art her life's work.

Leigh Miller is a second-year student in Photographic Technology at RCC with a concentration in Commercial Photography.

Lenton Slack, retired instructor of Interior Design at RCC currently has a design shop in Asheboro.

Carey Elizabeth Smith is a writer, gardener and educator living in Silk Hope. Her love of the natural world is a primary inspiration for her writing.

Greg Stewart is chair of the Department of Photographic Technology at RCC. His photo of Lester Singleton was made in Black Ankle in 1979.

Dorothy A. Snyder retired English instructor at RCC, has judged the RCC Writer's Contest in poetry for ten years.

Chad Testerman is an Associate in Arts student at RCC.

Debra Waff is a first year student in Photographic Technology at RCC.

Internet Photos

Page 9 "World Trade Center." DHD Photo Gallery. 2001. 1 p. 22 Jan. 2002. < www.hd.org.>

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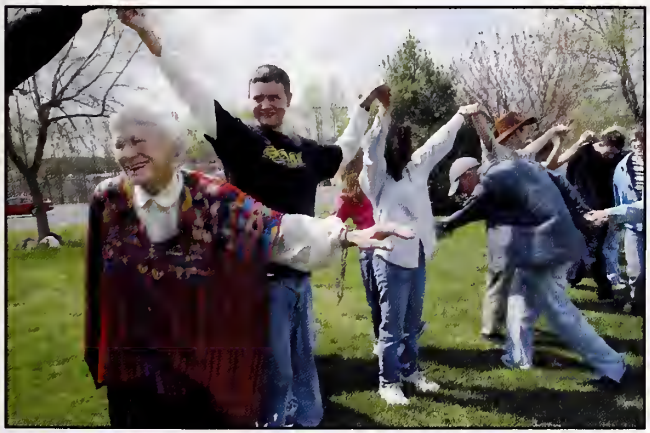
Other contributors to *Uwharrie Dreams* include all those who have set foot on the Randolph Community College campus with dreams of improving self, college, community, nation or Earth.

Communion of Subjects by Todd Campbell



"O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?"

From "Among School Children"
by William Butler Yeats

Cover Photo by: Chuck Egerton